

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 20 No. 35

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, March 20, 1902

\$1.00 a Year

Lam Cards.

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Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Prompt and careful attention
given to all business placed in
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HUNTERVILLE, W. VA.

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Pocahontas county and in the Su-
preme Court of Appeals.

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Practices in Greenbrier and ad-
joining counties.

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Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and Supreme Court of Appeals.

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Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Court of Appeals of the
State of West Virginia.

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Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Supreme Court of Ap-
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Prompt and careful attention
given to all legal business.

Physicians' Cards.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Office and residence opposite the
Marlinton Hotel. All calls an-
swered promptly.

L. J. MARSHALL, M. D.
Physician and surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
All calls promptly answered.
Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST,
Has located and is ready for
business in the Bank of Marlinton
building, Marlinton, W. Va.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,
Practical Land Surveyor,
Meadow Dale, Virginia.
Maps and Blue Prints a specialty.
Work in Pocahontas County solic-
ited.

THE ALLEGASH DRIVE.

By Holman F. Day.

We're spurred with spikes in our
soles;
There is water-a-swash in our
boots;
Our hands are hard-calloused by
peevies and poles,
And we are drenched with the
spume of the chutes.
We gather our herds at the head
where the axes have toppled
them loose,
And down from the hills where the
rivers are fed
We harry the hemlock and
spruce.

We hurroop them with the peevies
from their sullen beds of snow
With the pick pole for a goodstick
down the brimming stream we
go;
They are hitching, they are halt-
ing, and they lurk and hide and
dodge,
They sneak for sulking eddies,
they bunt the bank and lodge.
And we almost can imagine that
they hear the yell of saws
And the grunting of the grinders
of the paper mills, because
They loiter in the shallows and
they cob pile at the falls,
And they buck like ugly cattle
where the broad dead water
crawls.
But we wallow in and welt 'em
with the water to our waist,
For the driving pitch is dropping
and the drouth is gasping
"Haste!"

Here a dam and there a jam, that
is grabbed by grinning rocks,
Gnawed by the teeth of the rav-
ening ledge that slavers at our
flocks;
Twenty a month for daring Death
—for fighting from dawn to
dark—
Twenty and grub and a place to
sleep in God's great public park
We rootless go, with the cook's
bateau to follow our hungry
crew—
A billion of spruce and hell turn-
ed loose when the Allegash
drive goes through.

My lad with the spurs at his heel
Has a cattle ranch bronco to
bust;
A thousand of Texans to wheedle
and wheel
To market through smother and
dust.
But I with peevie and pole
Am driving the herds of pine;
Grant to my brother what suits
his soul,
But no bellowing brutes in mine.

He would wince to wade and wal-
low—and I hate a horse or
steer!
But we stand the kings of herders
—he for There and I for Here.
Though he rides with Death be-
hind him when he rounds "the
wild stampede,"
I will chop the jamming king log
and I'll match him deed for
deed.

And for me the green wood savor
and the lash across my face
Of the spitting spume that belches
from the back wash of the race
The glory of the tumult where the
tumbling torrents rolls
With half a hundred drivers riding
through with lunging poles.
Here's huzza for reckless chances!
Here's hurrah for those who
ride

Through the jaws of boiling sluices
yeasty white from side to side!
Our brawny fists are calloused,
and we're mostly holes and
hair,
But if grit were golden bullion
we'd have coin to spend and
spare!

Here some rips and there the lips
of a whirlpool's bellowing
mouth,
Death we clinch and Time we fight
for behind us gasps the drouth.
Twenty a month, bateau for a
home and only a peep at town,
For our money is gone in a brace
of nights after the drive is down
But with peevies and poles and
careless souls our ragged and
rootless crew
Swarms gayly along with whoop
and long when the Allegash
drive goes through.

NOTICE

I hereby warn all persons not
to disturb or molest the property
belonging to the H. A. Yeager es-
tate by hauling away wood and
lumber or in any other way. The
persons having in their posses-
sions the work harness and buggy
harness loaned them by the late
H. A. Yeager will return them at
once to the undersigned.
RELLA F. YEAGER,
Administratrix of H. A. Yeager,
dec'd.

The Chesapeake Western Com-
pany desires to communicate with
responsible parties who are equip-
ped to peel and deliver tan bark
in quantities of 500 cords and over
from the Company's property to
the Chesapeake Western Rail-
way or tram roads near Stokes-
ville, Va., supplies and fuel can be ob-
tained at the Company store.
For particulars, address or call
at the Harrisonburg office or Mr.
H. R. Warren Supt., at Stokes-
ville, Va.

ACTION.

Dr William Cary, the great pi-
oneer of Foreign Mission work in
India, left on record: "If any-
thing is written of me after I am
gone, say that I knew how to
plod; and much is in that word.
So many begin, continue a little
while and then drop off, relinquish
work, "give up" in a word, and ac-
complish nothing. There is little
in mere beginning—any one can
begin, but there is much in con-
tinuing, and here and there we
find a few who hold on and how-
ever faint at heart occasionally,
keep silent over that and still pur-
sue.

"Will you ever shovel away this
mound of snow, my lad?" asked a
passer by of a boy tugging with
his feeble spade. "Yes, sir, if I
keep at it." And here lies the se-
cret, that keepativeness which one
must possess if he would accom-
plish anything. The road is not
easier in certain lines of work; the
obstacles are not fewer and the
spirit of man has its variations,
but he who can plod, who can
tread the uneven road and tramp
down the opposing obstacles un-
dismayed is the one who shall suc-
ceed in the end. Onward and up-
ward, let the motto be—plodaway
while the impatient complain and
the indolent slumber, yet even be-
temperate, yes, temperate in all
things for the body is not made of
iron. The Lord remembereth that
we are made of dust and we should
remember it too: so many sad
instances, mostly of persons
young and inexperienced, present
themselves, forgetting the limita-
tions of nature and pushing the
powers mentally and bodily bey-
ond the danger mark. This is not
the ploding we mean; the very
sight and sound of the term im-
plies a kind of slow constant haste
—it portrays the farmer, for one,
who steadily incessantly impels
his plow along the furrow, he nei-
ther rushes nor lags and the work
is accomplished. What a vast ar-
ray of different occupations in the
world and how beautifully do they
supplement each other. Every
son of man has a place in the
world's workshop, and if he be the
right sort he will scramble and
search until he find it—grant that
in the melee and with outward cir-
cumstances he should mistake and
get in where he had better be out,
an earnest mind and willingness to
plod will stand him in stress and
stead, and mountains of difficulty
may still be overcome and he is-
sue forth successful in the heat
sense. It is the toilers who keep
planetary things a going and tho'
the scene is greatly marred by the
idlers, the loungers, the useless,
yet in spite of them, the world is
full of action and the honest wor-
thy plodders shall inherit a por-
tion of the earth and gain remem-
brance of their fellow men. The
interesting history of many artists
in the old countries prove the as-
sertion that unrelaxed effort tow-
ard one goal will win at last: they
simply plodded along in their pro-
fession often under great difficul-
ties and privation, and here and
there an artist realizing how plod-
ding finally brought him to suc-
cess, has held that any person
could do the same in his line if will-
ing to work, be patient and wait.
To this we demur. Artists are
born—not made, and a world full of
them would not be the world
God meant ours to be. Each man
in his place, each man to his trade.
For instance, at time not so far
removed backward, the merchant
A. T. Stewart arose: struggling
and poor, he relied on himself, his
wife the other half and of the same
mind. Stewart was his own sales
man, accountant and errand boy
and all. He lived over his store
in a frugal manner and Scotch-
like he saved his earnings and en-
larged his business, and in time
his palatial dry goods establish-
ment had no peer in New York at
that date.

Says a sweet Christian woman:
"I do not believe that we shall be
forever singing in heaven. We
shall forever praise the Lord and
delight therein. But I believe we
shall work in Heaven, yea, contin-
ue and learn to perfect the very
work that has given us so much
comfort and pleasure to pursue
here on earth—innocent, beau-
tiful and congenial work often in-
terrupted and impeded by life's in-
conveniences. Up there we shall
work and learn—learn and work
and rise forever in knowledge and
effort. As the little child carries
the crude attempt of his hand to
the kind instructor for inspection
and helpful criticism, so I imagine
our future selves doing when
under and with the great and ble-
ssed Teacher, our Lord and Savi-
or in Heaven, and some time He
may say encouragingly even unto
us, 'well done.' Action is the
first rule on earth and it may be
in Heaven.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!
A private school will begin at
Marlinton, Pocahontas County,
on the 17th day of March, 1902.
Pupils of every grade may find
help here; and teachers on the
up grade movement may find here
the stuff which pushes the mental
car up the steep incline towards
the top of the literary ladder. En-
roll at once. Music a specialty.
Yours for improvement,
GEORGIE M. SHEARER,
Marlinton, W. Va.

FROM FOREIGN LANDS

Rev. Henry W. McLaughlin Writes Inter-
esting Letter to the Times.

Tells of his Visit to Gibraltar, Lina
and Algiers. Interesting Descrip-
tion of the Mohammedan Mosque.

Gibraltar, Algiers.—While we
have been visiting lands where
flowers bloom perpetually, our
trip since we arrived at Gibraltar
has not altogether been a bed of
roses. We encountered one of
the worst storms that has visited
the Mediterranean for many a day.
This is the trail end of the Ameri-
can blizzard of which we read to-
day. Rain and wind have made our
landing at the above named place
difficult. Some have not gone on
shore at all, but being used to
storms in West Virginia and on
the Atlantic Coast three storms
and the difficulties which seemed
so great to many of our ease lov-
ing passengers were of really of
little import to me and interferred
but little in my "doing the places.
As we steamed into the Strait of
Gibraltar about day light on the
morning of February 19 we found
it nine miles from Tarifa to Cre-
tor, the Southern Pillor of Hercu-
les. Tarifa, which stands on the
southern point of Spain, is the
site of the piratical fort where for
many decades tolls were collected
by force from every passing vessel.
From the name of this fort of the
pirates we get the word, "tariff."

This great strong hold of war
has not so much interest for a man
of peace as other points, yet so
much of modern history gathers
around this great rock, and as it
is emblematical of the strength of
the second greatest nation on the
earth, it cannot fail but to attract
even the devotee of peace.

It may seem what egotistical to
say "second greatest nation" to
Great Britain, yet it may be some-
what allowable, as it was in Jo-
seph Rocher's case when he was
asked who was the greatest pre-
acher in London. His reply was:
"Modesty forbids me to say, sir.
If you want to know who the se-
cond greatest preacher is I can
tell you!"

Gibraltar is not a volcanic rock
as I expected to see but a conglom-
erate limestone. The town which
lies around the north western base
of the Rock, which towers 1400
feet high, has a population of per-
haps 2500, largely Spanish and
Moorish in extraction. The gar-
dened Mediterranean were struck
with flowers and wild olives which
deck the southwestern slope make
a scene not unlike some of our
rugged limestone hills. The north
and eastern sides is an almost per-
pendicular cliff. We went thro'
the Castle Galleries—a long subter-
ranean cavern winding up the gi-
gantic cliff with port holes at regu-
lar intervals, with now and then a
gun of antique pattern. The mod-
ern guns and real fortifications
are on or near the top of the Rock
where in these days visitors are
not allowed.

From Gibraltar we took a car-
riage over to Spain and visited the
ancient town Lina. We drove
over the piece of neutral ground
between the British and Spanish
possessions, along which the sen-
tinel's of the two nations tread with
their measured pace. The contrast
between Gibraltar and Lina is
very great—government and the
discredit of the Spanish. As soon
as we were in Spanish soil begun-
gears swarmed about and the town
seemed filled with bar rooms and
worse. Lina is a representative
town of a country with a closed
Bible and an abolished Sabbath.
There is a bull fight at Lina al-
most every Sunday during the
winter. We are prouder of our
British cousins after having vis-
ited Spain and still that pride grew
at the sights we saw of
Algiers

which belongs to France.
We left Gibraltar Wednesday
afternoon and steaming into the
Mediterranean were struck with
the beauty of the distant hills of
Southern Spain, but we are pre-
pared to believe that distance
lends enchantment to the view.
The Mediterranean is a brighter
blue than the Atlantic. On a for-
mer voyage a young lady asked
her friend why this was so, and
the answer came: "If you had to
watch Italy you would be blue
too."

population. We have here a
strange commingling of the an-
cient and modern. Here are elec-
tric street cars with a two cent
fare, and the American is here
with his store and machinery. I
had occasion to buy a pair of rub-
ber shoes as rubber comes from the
East. I was surprised to find that
they had been manufactured by a
Gibralter firm.

The City of Algiers is French in
language and government. About
half the population is French.
The other half is thoroughly East-
ern and Mohammedan in manner
and religion and appearance. I
saw here for the first time a
Mohammedan mosque. I had ex-
pected to remove my shoes and
found that all that was neces-
sary was to put on over my shoes
a pair of sandals and after I bought
a pair of sandals, their re-
sponse to that was necessary.
I am inclined to think that the
superstition that the touch of any
not Mohammedan would defile the
mosque has degenerated or evolved
(depending upon point of view)
to a precaution simply to keep the
mud of the street off of the carpet.
The Arab when he goes into the
mosque washes his feet, face, ears,
hands, mouth, neck and head. It
is a poor religion that has not
some good traits. But judging
from the unreliableness and laziness
of the people; the general
filthiness of the homes and the ter-
rible moral taint that shows in al-
most every face and feature, Mo-
hammedanism has done little to
change the heart, out of which are
the issues of life. Only men are
allowed in the churches. No wo-
men are seen about the mosques
except a few miserable creatures
who stand about the door and beg
from the stranger. I am told that
the women are allowed to go up
once a year, but in the mind of the
Mohammedan a woman has no soul,
and he is an exceptional Mo-
hammedan who does not beat his
wife.

The houses in the Arab quarter
do not face on the street but on
an open court yard within.
The streets are there very narrow
not more than six or eight feet
wide. They are dark and filthy,
thronged with the miserable peo-
ple. It is a great contrast to go
back to the French quarter where
the appearance is that of an Amer-
ican city. The most splendid part
of the city with the magnificent
villas built by the pirate king are
owned by the British, who live in
them. The English seem to get
the best of most things. This is a
great winter resort. Flowers are
blooming in profusion everywhere
while oranges, lemons, figs, etc.,
hang in profusion in all the gar-
den.

I met here a Boer refugee. I
asked the question, which may
well be asked of every man with
whom you wish to converse: "Do
you speak English?" His answer
was this: "No; I do not speak
English; I speak American. Do
not say English," say American." So
some of our party, as we were trav-
eling on an English ship, wear
both the Stars and Stripes and the
Union Jack. The Boer said
"Why do you wear that flag?" re-
ferring to the Union Jack.
I wish I could tell more of Al-
giers, but any of my friends who
wish to know more will be pat-
ient and wait till May. After be-
ing delayed a day we were able to
get aboard and move on to Malta,
which I hope to write you later
I will just say that yesterday at
Malta was one of the most inter-
esting days of my life. This, Feb-
ruary 25, finds us sailing onward
toward Greece. With love for
the readers of the Times, most
cordially.

Henry Woods McLaughlin.

QUESTION FOR THE PRESIDING ELDER.

Presiding Elder Hutchison
preached a masterly sermon at
the Marlinton M. E. Church S. on
Sabbath Morning, March 2 to a
good audience on the Parable of
the Sower, Mark 4,3, and admin-
istered the sacrament to about 30
persons, aided by pastor Nickel.
The writer of this paragraph
would like to have a fireside com-
parison of views, "the doors be-
ing shut," with the able and in-
teresting preacher. I could not
not be about matrimony for I
have been suffering fully thirty-
five years with the comforts of
matrimony, and know all that is
essential on that all absorbing sub-
ject.—The question would be what
are we to do with the woman and
her three measures of meal? He
used this parable very effectively
in a very impressive part of the
sermon Sunday morning. What
will we do with the woman and
her three measures of meal is a
question that involves issues of the
highest import, and what is more
these issues raised are charged
with elements of convulsive dyna-
mic power that may explode at
any time. Twenty or thirty years
ago I might have rushed into print
and challenged a controversy that
would have convinced no one and
caused bad feeling among Chris-
tian brethren. But by the means
of the editorial waste basket aided
by divine grace I have been en-
abled to quit such foolishness of
late.

Half an hour is all the time re-
quired to dye with PUTNAM
FADELESS DYES. Sold by H.
R. Echols, Marlinton, W. Va., at
10c. per package.

A REFUGEE

From Northern West Virginia, was the
Rev William Kennedy.

Spent Some Years in Bath and High-
land Counties and on one Occasion
Frenched at Williamsville.

Among the refugees from Nor-
thern West Virginia, one person-
ality has been indelibly fixed upon
my memory. It was that of the
Rev William Kennedy, a Southern
Methodist minister of Clarksburg,
editor of a church paper, presid-
ing elder, made up the salient
points of his personal history. For
two or three years he has passed
much of his time in Highland and
Bath where he made many attach-
ed friends. In person he was of
medium height, dark hair and com-
pactly built, his hair reached to
his shoulders and wore a flowing
beard. When on horseback ar-
rayed in the gray toggery of a
Confederate mounted infantry sol-
dier, his general appearance was
vividly suggestive of a grizzled li-
on on the saddle. As many per-
sons around Williamsville were de-
sirous to hear him preach, I gave
him a cordial invitation to speak
at the regular morning service,
April 16, 1895. A larger audi-
ence than usual was present. He
mounted the pulpit attired in his
Confederate blouse simply, with-
out coat or vest, and with solemn
and deliberate mien opened the
exercises with prayer and hymns,
and Bible reading.

Turning to Job 1.9, he announc-
ed his text: "Doth Job fear God
for naught?" His allusion to the
authorship of the text produced a
stillness in the audience that seem-
ed oppressively breathless for sev-
eral moments: "These words are
not the sayings of one of the holy
prophets, nor any of the Bible
seers, but are the words of the de-
vil. Though the text be a saying of
the devil, it is useful to us in this
solemn juncture of affairs, from
the great fact that this devilish
saying illustrates the truth that
principles of general application
may be and are exemplified by
single instances of a personal
character or history." In the ap-
plication the speaker made a gen-
eral reference to one's trials, sor-
rows, and difficulties individually,
but he fired up and his leonine
eyes blazed with nameless lustre
when he came to a special appli-
cation to our national trials during
the dark and fearful days then so
slowly and so sorrowfully passing
by at the time of his speaking. In
stentorian tones and with an over-
whelming tide of emotion he affir-
med his confidence in the ultimate
and glorious success of the Con-
federate Army, and adjured his
hearers not to infer from the pres-
ent apparent hindings of God face
that our cause was lost.

We were invited at the close of
the services to the same home, by
Mrs Major Byrd, where we spent
the afternoon and night. He was
a fluent conversationalist, and in
our interviews, which were for the
most part one sided interviews, he
labored to infuse me with some of
his hopeful confidence in the ulti-
mate success of the Confederacy,
and also help me understand in
part the secret of his own immov-
able confidence. He had an inci-
dent to tell of his own experience
that had occurred many years pre-
viously, whether in the body or out
of the body he could not tell. In
a similar he too knew a man ten
twenty-five years previously who
had an ever remembered vision. In
it he seemed to be occupied in the
gospel ministerial work. In the
meantime a great darkness settled
down upon him superinducing
great distress of mind, and to find
relief he engaged in most earnest
prayer for Divine help. While
looking up in prayer there appear-
ed to him something white de-
scending through the gloom.
Keeping his eye intently fixed on
it, he found it was a printed sheet
and he could read the emanations
of his own pen thereon. Soon
rays of light radiated from the
printed sheet in every direction
until the entire heavens were illu-
minated in a most resplendent
manner. His heart was thrilled
with pleasing emotions, but as he
was looking upon the glory that
had just succeeded the darkness, he
saw three men of gigantic size
in military costume coming from
the North walking through the air
with measured step and passed to
ward the South and disappeared
in the thick darkness that began
to lower over the Southern head-
land even the former overpread
the entire heavens and pressed so
heavily that he began to smother
and then he resorted to prayer for
more light. His agony was over-
powering, and just as he was on
the point of giving up in despair
a gleam of light came from above.
Then another and another ray
penetrated the gloom until a glo-
riously unspeakable and inexpressible
filled his heart when the three gi-
gantic military phantoms re-
appeared, returning from the South
and going toward the North.

Part of the vision had come
true: That man had entered the
ministry and become editor of a
paper, difficulties and darkness
had come upon us: the press was
the harbinger of relief and light;
the military power of the North
marching in solemn and gloomy
tread across the brightening pros-
pects and now the terrible oppres-
sive, stifling darkness is upon us,
but the rumors we hear of French
recognition and intervention may
be the gleam of coming light to
become more and more pervasive
until glory unspeakable—light up
the horizon of our nation pros-
pect. That man has been twice
under fire and each time the vision
recurred to mind, producing
the assurance that he would es-
cape and see the end of the whole
matter.

We parted the next morning
and never met afterwards. I
would have been more than grati-
fied to have met him and learned
of him how he looked at things in
the light of the results that actual-
ly transpired. I have heard he
preached on, which I hope is true,
and that his was the spirit of
trust and obedience voiced in the
words of the royal mourner of the
desert: "Though he slay me yet
will I trust Him. And shall we
not receive of the Lord good as
well as evil."
W. T. P.

WHO IS THE AUTHOR?
Looking over a clipping from a
newspaper while housed from a
recent March storm my fancy was
charmed by the following line:
"Teach me to feel another's woe
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."
The first time I ever heard these
words was more than forty years
ago at the Warm Springs. Two
of the visitors in a cottage room
adjoining mine were engaged in a
social game of cards. At frequent
intervals one of the party would
recite with rare elocutionary pow-
ers:
"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."
As I have never learned to know
one card from another, for which
ignorance may the name of the late
Elisha Jacobs, of Anthony's Creek
be held in grateful remembrance
by all my friends as well as myself
Owing to this fact I am totally un-
able to perceive the relevancy of
such words under the circum-
stances alluded to, unless the point
be there was no point intended.
Upon forming the acquaintance of
one of these gentlemen I recog-
nized him at once as the elegant
rehearser of the poetic lines soon
as I heard him converse:
"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."
Pleasant hours were spent in
his company during his stay at
the springs. Though we never
met again, I kept him in mind and
traced his movements and subse-
quent career as a distinguished
member of the Virginia Bar, Leg-
islator, possible Congressman and
finally a Confederate officer of dis-
tinguished rank. When I read in
the war news of a certain engage-
ment that he had fallen and died
on the field, and that the eloquent
tongue was now silent that I once
heard repeating, with thrilling
tones in the cottage room:
"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."
My emotions were touched very
deeply. I was able to realize that
such words would be very appro-
priate should they have been on
his lips and in his heart on that
eventful day, and who am I to
know that they were not. I most
devoutly hope they were and I
love to think of it as being thus.
I find in the clipping that there
were a dozen other verses in the
poem whence the quotation is
made. The verses that follow the
one quoted is these:
"Mean tho' I am not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath
O lead me where e'er I go
Through this day's life or death
This day be bread and peace my
lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou knowest best bestowed or
not,
And let thy will be done.
To thee whose temple is all space
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!"
Will some one of our readers in-
form us who was the author of this
poem and what is its title. Some
of our young people with good mem-
ories would do well if they would
commit to memory and muse up-
on their beautiful meaning.
W. T. P.

NOTICE
Dr W. V. Jarrett, the dentist
from Cass, W. Va., will be in his
home office at Cass March 6, for
4 days; Durbin, March 11, for 3
days; Travelers Repose, March 14
for 3 days; Boyer, March 17 for 2
days; Greenbank, March 19 for 3
days; then to his home office at
Cass March 22nd for 5 days.
Painless extraction of teeth. All
work guaranteed.

NOTICE
All persons indebted to the firm
of R. L. Malcomb and Co. are no-
tified to settle with the undersig-
ned Receiver of said firm and save
costs.
JOHN E. BARLOW
Special Receiver

had come upon us: the press was
the harbinger of relief and light;
the military power of the North
marching in solemn and gloomy
tread across the brightening pros-
pects and now the terrible oppres-
sive, stifling darkness is upon us,
but the rumors we hear of French
recognition and intervention may
be the gleam of coming light to
become more and more pervasive
until glory unspeakable—light up
the horizon of our nation pros-
pect. That man has been twice
under fire and each time the vision
recurred to mind, producing
the assurance that he would es-
cape and see the end of the whole
matter.

We parted the next morning
and never met afterwards. I
would have been more than grati-
fied to have met him and learned
of him how he looked at things in
the light of the results that actual-
ly transpired. I have heard he
preached on, which I hope is true,
and that his was the spirit of
trust and obedience voiced in the
words of the royal mourner of the
desert: "Though he slay me yet
will I trust Him. And shall we
not receive of the Lord good as
well as evil."
W. T. P.

WHO IS THE AUTHOR?
Looking over a clipping from a
newspaper while housed from a
recent March storm my fancy was
charmed by the following line:
"Teach me to feel another's woe
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."
The first time I ever heard these
words was more than forty years
ago at the Warm Springs. Two
of the visitors in a cottage room
adjoining mine were engaged in a
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